

COAL!

What Is Coal?

"An amorphous substance derived from the vegetation of prehistoric ages, consisting of different kinds of hydrocarbons found in beds or veins in the earth and used for fuel."

Also found in great abundance at Dodson's Coal Yards.

W. C. DODSON
Coal Grain Feed

New Real Estate Agent!

We desire to notify the people of Paris and Bourbon County that we have opened a Real Estate office in the room occupied by the late J. W. Lancaster.

We are ready to sell or rent your farms and other property.

We do a general Real Estate business in four of the surrounding counties, at Lexington, Versailles, Nicholasville and Paris.

All parties listing with us will get the benefit of all our offices at same price that a local office would charge.

Geo. B. Mosely.

Mr. Lee Beall is in charge of our Paris office, and will be pleased to have you call on him.

REMEMBER Big Bargain Sale,

**Dry Goods, Silks,
Dress Goods,
Ladies' Ready-made Garments,
Shoes, Oxfords,
Millinery, Etc.**

TWIN BROS.,
Dry Goods, Shoes and Millinery Department,
PARIS, KENTUCKY.

GEO. W. DAVIS,
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND LICENSED EMBALMER.
BOTH PHONES—DAY 137; NIGHT 299.

Dying of Famine

is, in its torments, like dying of consumption. The progress of consumption, from the beginning to the very end, is a long torture, both to victim and friends. "When I had consumption in its first stage," writes Wm. Myers, of Cearfoss, Md., "after trying different medicines and a good doctor, in vain, I at last took Dr. King's New Discovery, which quickly and perfectly cured me. Prompt relief and sure cure for coughs, colds, sore throat, bronchitis, etc. Positively prevents pneumonia. Guaranteed at Oberdorfer's drug store. Price 50c and \$1 a bottle. Trial bottle free.

Farm For Sale Privately.

We offer at private sale a farm containing 278 acres, 3 miles from Paris on Rattles Mills turnpike. This farm is in a high state of cultivation. Has on it three good tenant houses, one large tobacco barn, stock scales, etc., plenty of never failing water. 212 acres in grass, balance in cultivation. Those desiring a good investment would do well to write for terms, etc. Possession given March 1, 1907. Address—CLARENCE ASHURST, Box 78, Paris, Ky. Or MRS. REBECCA RUDICILL, 20-tf Paris, Kentucky.

Superb "Nerve" of a Hat Seeker.
"Oh, but the nerve of some women is worth a fortune to them!" groaned a girl at luncheon in a department store. "I've been trying to get a hat. Upstairs in the millinery department I tried on hats until my arms ached pinning them on, and the saleswoman got purple with rage because none suited me. In walked a grenadier sort of woman, with a scared looking maid carrying a big paper bag. This woman sniffed around, turned hats upside down and almost inside out and finally looked over the untrimmed shapes. She picked out one. Drawing a chair before the biggest mirror in the place, she sat down and had the maid empty the contents of that bag in her lap. It held feathers, flowers and ribbons. Then she began to pin on feathers here, a flower there and to try the effect of a bow in another place. She even had the maid hold a trimmed hat while she copied it! The attendants seemed fascinated, for no one said a word. And that in a store, mind you, where the salesgirls ask you sarcastically whether you are looking for something cheap if you refuse to put down \$35 on a hat they select for you."—New York Press.

Her Property.

Now and again things happen on the football field which go to add to the gaiety of the nation. On one occasion, for instance, during a certain league match in the north, the referee somehow managed to lose his whistle. There was not another whistle to be found, and it seemed that the game would have to come to a sudden and inglorious end, until the referee hit upon an ingenious scheme. He produced a latchkey from his pocket and managed to tinkle merrily enough on it till suddenly, as he approached the touch line a woman's shrill voice was heard, exclaiming:

"Fred, come here at once! Where did you get that latchkey?"

As he listened to the guffaw which went up from the assembled crowd that referee was the most sheepish looking man on the ground, and as he thought of the certain lecture looming ahead his heart began like lead within his bosom.—London Answers.

Training a Dog.

A dog understands "yes," and is equally competent to grasp the "no." Outside of that he is all dog and follows his dog ways. He indulges in no mental refinement and will not comprehend many of your changes of mood or mind. Whatever you undertake to teach make it plain, simple and unchangeable. It is a pity that he must be taught not to jump up on people and compliment them with his carresses. He means well, but must be disciplined sternly into knowing that it is not good form under any circumstances. The discipline need not be accompanied by any severity. A light touch with a whip, if applied invariably, will soon settle the matter. Some kennel men adopt the plan of stepping lightly on the hind foot, and it is perhaps the clearest way of conveying the idea.—Outing Magazine.

Art Above Nature?

Art is one of the greatest phenomena of our world. It is one of the most serious of things. Nature has no art. Nature is grotesque and weird, but art is ours; it is human. Art means anything. A system of philosophy is as much art as beauty in sculpture and rhythm and cadence in poetry. There is the art of living, the art of meeting people. No bird gives real music. The finest nightingale sends out only weird tones, but it isn't music. The only musical sound in nature is the sound of water dripping from a rock. Art is hypernature, antinature. It is neither imitation nor rivalry, but something we give to nature.—Dr. Emil Reich.

A Cubic Foot of Gold.

If some millionaire agreed to give you a cubic foot of pure gold if you should put it in a sack and carry it a mile, do you think you would be equal to the task? Certainly you are confident of your ability to perform the task, but there would not be the least danger of the man of money losing his gold cube. Such a lump of virgin gold would weigh a few grains over 1,203 pounds.

Doctors' Latin.

At its best it must be admitted that doctors' Latin is, in the words of a distinguished professor, "doggy and mediaeval." For our own part we would go so far as to say that it is more "doggy" than mediaeval. At its worst it is a monstrum horrendum with which no respectable dog would own kinship.—British Medical Journal.

Cigars Before Breakfast.

"The proper time to test a cigar or stogie is in the morning before breakfast," said a tobaccoist. "Naturally, early morning smoking is not healthy, but it is very discriminating. Try it by smoking samples of your favorite brands in the early morning and you can depend upon your judgment."—Pittsburg Press.

Triumph of Art.

Miss Peachley (exhibiting her new hat)—I know you won't like it. Miss Tartan—But I do, dear. I never saw anything more artistic than that arrangement of the flowers. It hides the shape of it beautifully.—Chicago Tribune

An Eye For an Eye.

A young lady friend of our acquaintance has recently received a shock. Among her extensive male acquaintances there is a blue eyed youth. He goes much into society and is a hot favorite among the nicer sex because of his eyes. Alack! One of them is glass. But there is no need, as he says, for every one to know that, and, really, it seems so much the counterpart of the other that not one in a hundred would detect it. On this occasion he escorted the young lady in question to a refreshment room. As they were taking tea and coffee he looked unutterable things at her, when all of a sudden she gave vent to a startled exclamation. Her eyes fixed on his with a mysterious intensity and horror. A fly had settled in the center of his glass eye and remained there, he, of course, unconscious of its presence. The sight of that eye looking at her with a fly on it and the owner making no attempt to brush it off, was too much for his companion. It overpowered her, and she shudders when she recalls the circumstance.—London Answers.

The Queer Chameleon.

There is nothing in the world will induce a chameleon to take even the slightest apparent interest in its surroundings unless it be the sight of what it considers a toothsome insect. The chameleon's method of taking its prey is very curious, being effected by shooting out an enormously long, wormlike tongue, the end of which is clubbed and covered with a viscid secretion, to which the insects stick and are thus drawn into its mouth. The actual projection of the tongue is made with marvelous rapidity. The eyes of the chameleon are very curious. They are very large, but, with the exception of a small opening in the center, are covered with skin. They are also entirely independent of each other, with the result that occasionally the creature is looking forward over its nose with one eye, while with the other it is intently watching something directly behind it.

A Bit of English Humor.

An English humorist many years ago hit upon a neat way of scoring against certain politicians of the times. A comic journal, not being a newspaper within the meaning of the act, was prohibited from giving news, and so in place of a parliamentary report the humorist is question reported a few "first lines" from speeches by prominent members: "Sir Charles Wetherell said he was not sensible."—"Mr. Hunt was entirely ignorant."—"Lord Ashley said he should take the earliest opportunity of moving."—"Mr. Perceval presented a petition praying."—"Colonel Sibthorpe never could understand."—"Lord Lyndhurst said he must entrust of every one to give him credit."—"Sir Edward Sugden was not one of those who thought."—"Mr. Croker said he had the fullest assurance."

Glass Worth More Than Gold.

When is glass worth more than gold? When it is the lens of a microscope. The record increase in value of the manufactured article over the raw material is probably made by this variety of glass which multiplies itself 50,000,000 times. The front lens of a microscope objective costing about \$5 weighs no more than about .0017 of a gram; hence the value of such lenses to the weight of a kilogram would be about \$3,000,000. The cost of making this weight of glass is 3 to 6 cents, and thus when worked up into the shape of a lens the glass has increased in value about 50,000,000.—Chicago Tribune.

Woman's Rights in Burma.

The Burmese woman must make an excellent wife. A Singapore paper says that her highest ambition is to maintain her husband in lordly idleness and to supply him with abundant funds for cockfighting, bullock cart racing and gambling. And many of the Burmese women do big deals in timber, buying up in advance the "paddy" crops of a whole district, and so on, on a scale that requires big financing.

"Talking" in England.

English people are not only the worst talkers in the world, but they have, in addition, a natural suspicion of any one who can string half a dozen sentences together without stammering—in fact, to have any degree of fluency of speech lays a man open at once to the charge of not being "sound," while a woman who can talk at all inspires universal terror.—Ladies' Field.

The First Seal.

The Chinese always have understood the great art of making the punishment fit the crime. Man or joss, if he offends, gets exactly his deserts. Viceroy Shum, who was anxious to see the end of the heavy rainfalls, was very angry with the guardian joss of Canton, who remained deaf to all prayers to bring about a little sunshine. A Weiyen was dispatched to the temple with orders to uncover the roof over the joss' head and let him have his fair share of the rain.

Logical.

She—I think we should be able to live nicely on \$3,000 a year. He—But my salary is only \$2,000. She—I know it, dear, but my clothes come to \$1,000 a year, and I have enough now to last for the first twelve months.

Satisfied Them All.

Aunt Panthea Brooks lived in a little New Hampshire village very many years without quarrelling with any one, and was so thoroughly liked by every one for miles round that her popularity excited the interest of a summer visitor.

"Aunt Panthea," he asked, "how is it that you keep on such good terms with every one, while they are all quarrelling among themselves?"

"Well," said Aunt Panthea, "being as you aren't to stay here long I'll tell you. When I go down the street I meet Jason Purdy, and he says, 'Why, Panthea, how well you look!'"

"I'm glad you think so, Jason," I say, smiling at him.

"Next minute up comes Ezzy Draught. 'Well, now, Panthea,' he says, 'how poorly you are looking this year.'"

"My land, Ezzy," I say, 'how quick you are to notice those things!'"

"So it is with everything. Those who like to think one way, I let 'em think it, and those who like to think the other, I let 'em think it."

Who can deny that Aunt Panthea had discovered a comfortable philosophy of life?—Youth's Companion.

Laconic.

As Napoleon was one day passing in review some of his troops he came in front of an old and faithful officer, who, perhaps from want of brilliancy on the man's part, had never been advanced beyond the grade of captain, though he was well enough known to the emperor. The emperor was passing at a slow trot. As he came directly in front of the old captain the officer saluted and said loudly, but without any apparent movement of the muscles of his face:

"Fifteen campaigns, private, captain!"

And the emperor, without turning his head or slackening his pace, said:

"Colonel, brigadier, baron!"

Then he was gone. There had, indeed, been no time for a word more than had been passed, but these had sufficed for the captain to communicate a long story and a reproachful complaint and for the emperor to set matters right with a military and social promotion.

A Wise Father.

When Sherman Hoar, a lawyer of recognized ability, left the law school and opened an office in Boston, his father, Judge Hoar, was at the height of his legal reputation. The young man's first client was an Irishman, and the case, though only some small matter of a boundary line, was one that required the examination of a number of deeds and records. Mr. Hoar accordingly told his client to come back in two days for his opinion. The Irishman left the office, evidently very reluctant at the delay. Turning at the door, he asked, "Couldn't ye give me the answer tomorrow, Mistor Hoar?"

"No, no," was the reply; "come on Thursday."

The client went as far as the stairs. Then he turned and tiptoed back to the door and put his head inside, with a finger at his lips.

"Whist!" he whispered. "Couldn't ye get to see your father tonight, Mistor Hoar?"—Boston Herald.

A Warm Time Coming.

History class. Subject, "George II. and the Pelham Ministry." Master—Who said and when. "Now I shall have no more peace?" Small Boy (after a long interval of thought)—Please, sir, George III. on his deathbed.—Punch.

Quite Apparent.

The Tramp—You're one man in a hundred. "Tain't often I meet anybody that'll talk to me two minutes without askin' why I don't go to work at some trade. The Remarkable Man—Oh, I can tell by looking at you.—Puck.

Owned Up.

Redd—I saw a picture up at the exhibition of a cart drawn by a donkey. Greene—Yes; it was. I drew it.—Yonkers Statesman.

For a Change.

"You don't mean to tell me that you have named your baby 'Ananias'?" "Yessuh," answered Uncle Ben. "Dat's his name." "But Ananias was the most untruthful man in history." "Dat's de reason. We's gwinter put dat boy in politics. We's been namin' children 'George Washington' foh years an' it didn't do no good. Now we's gwinter try de other feller."—Washington Star.

Origin of Alcohol.

A scientist says that when people were cave dwellers their diet consisted entirely of roots and fruits and that it is not unnatural to suppose that the food was often stored away. In course of time the fruit fermented, the sugar in it was turned into pure alcohol and the cave dwellers drank it and got to like it. This was the beginning of the use of alcohol.

Medical.

A young doctor said to a girl: "Do you know, my dear, I have a heart affection for you?" "Have you had it long?" she coyly required.

"Oh, yes. I feel I will liver troubled life without you," he responded.

"Then you had better asthma," she softly murmured.

The Voice of Experience.

Soulful Person—Ah, yes; the instruction of the young must indeed be a delightful occupation! Is it not, professor? The Professor—Yes, madam; it is not.—Woman's Home Companion.

Settled.

Cholly—People talk about a "horse laugh." Horses never laugh while I'm around. Miss Peppery—Then they can't laugh, that's all.—Chicago News.

To be happy is not the purpose of our being, but to deserve happiness.—Fichte.

The custom and fashion of today will be the awkwardness and outrage of tomorrow. So arbitrary are these transient laws.—Dumas.

Blue Grass Seed Wanted.

We are in the market for bluegrass seed from the stripper; also for August delivery.

R. B. HUTCHCRAFT,
Paris, Ky.

CORN WANTED.—We are in the market for Corn, and will pay highest market price for same.

STUART & O'BRIEN,
Directly opp. L. & N. Freight Depot.

Fair Enough.

If you will try a case of the famous Lion Beer, the best on earth, and are not pleased with it, we will gladly refund your money. All doctors recommend this beer for family use and for convalescents.

T. F. BRANNON,
(3jy2mo) Agent Lion Brewing Co.

Paris and Lexington Interurban.

Paris—Leave Lexington every hour from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m., and 9 and 11 p. m., returning every hour from 7 a. m. to 8 p. m. and 10 and 11 p. m.

Georgetown—Leave Lexington every hour from 6 a. m. to 7 p. m. and 9 and 11 p. m.; returning every hour 6 a. m. to 3 p. m. and 10 p. m.

R. T. GUNN, Gen. Man.

Clarke Transfer Co.,

Office Cor. Tenth and High.

Service Prompt and Courteous.

T. Phone 604. Home Phone 323

ACETYLENE,

The Ideal Light of the Twentieth Century.

The Brightest and Best, Cheapest and Safest, when made in
The Ideal Epworth Generator.

Quality and quantity considered, Acetylene may safely be classed among the most economical of illuminants.

COMPARED WITH KEROSENE OIL.

Two and one-half pounds of Carbide costing 9 3-8 cents will furnish as much light and of better quality than one gallon of oil costing 15 cents.

COMPARED WITH COAL GAS.

Twenty pounds of Carbide costing 75 cents will furnish as much light as 1,000 cubic feet of Coal Gas at an average cost of \$1.50.

COMPARED WITH INCANDESCENT ELECTRIC LIGHTS.

At 15 cents per 100 Watts, a 24 candle power electric lamp costs 1 1-8 cents per hour, while a 24 candle power Acetylene burner costs 4-10 cents. Figure out the results.

FOR SALE BY

JOHN MERRINGER, the Plumber.

BOTH PHONES 229.